

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

The Changes That Twenty-Five Years Have Wrought in Hustonville and Vicinity.

(To the Editor of the Interior Journal.)

To those who are yet in the hey-day of youth a season like this is one of happy memories, and blisful hope, and general joyousness. Nor do we condemn those whose free unbounded spirits spring outward and upward responsive to the glad music of youth and health and hope and social natures. It was not intended that man should be a cheerless anchorite nor a solitary dreamer. The earth was formed and furnished and decorated in reference not only to his sustenance, but also to his enjoyment. Hence we love to lay down for a time the weary load of care, dash the toil-drops from the brow, recall the days when we too, were young and joyous, and add our quavering shout to the general jubilee.

But this is only a faint flickering up of the paling lights of the fondly remembered past. As the evening shadows become perceptibly lengthened on the dial of our life-day—as the memories of the past, the realities of the present, and the indications of the future are all attuned in unison, and the burden of their song is: "Passing away," we of necessity find our minds dwelling on other themes than those of festivity and mirthfulness.

Then will not one or two of those who have witnessed many a Christmas revelry, sung the requiem of many a buried year, and hailed the advent of many a promising successor with shouts of gladness—will not a few such pause with me to-day, and cast a glance upon the waste that time has made in its stealthy progress, and note the ruins that mark the impress of its silent foot-falls? To do this we need no world-wide survey. In every hamlet, in every village, in every neighborhood, in every family, the record is traced with startling distinctness. Let each then look over his own peculiar locality and note the changes of the last third of a century.

Burns once introduced an essay with the contingency: "Perhaps it may turn out a Sang—Perhaps turn out a Sermon." I feel a like uncertainty as to this article. It is not my purpose to make it funeral; and still there is a persistent raven carving in my brain and suggesting sepulchral images and monumental inscriptions.

But to the point. I have been casting my eye to-day over this portion of the county and contrasting its present aspect with that in 1847 when I first became acquainted with it. This was then a safe, comfortable, intelligent and thriving community. Few were such as could be called wealthy, but most were independent. The stately homesteads of former generations had descended each along its peculiar line, and each sheltered the posterity of its projector.

Since that time every building in the village, with the single exception of Frank Kauffman's shop, has passed into other hands. Kauffman himself and Mrs. T. G. Goode are the only surviving house keepers of that period. But it is not in the town only, but in the surrounding country too that this change becomes apparent. You may take the village as a centre and with a radius of five miles sweep the surrounding territory and you will find that nearly every old homestead within the circumference has slipped away from the original possessor. Joe Page, Bennett Cloyd and George Powell are the only persons so far as I know whose position has not changed. Mrs. Maggie McCormack, Mrs. W. C. Powell, Mrs. D. J. Alcorn and perhaps Mrs. Sally Bailey are the only other parties I can recollect as holding, even in part, their former homes.

But these are not the most striking changes. Many, very many of our most estimable citizens have met with financial disaster. In fact the few instances in which the children have inherited an unencumbered estate furnish only exceptions to the rule. Society has changed. The prestige of the old Kentucky home with its

lavish abundance—its easy enjoyment—its princely hospitality—has passed away. The railroad with rushing wheels transports us to the markets of the world and begets the desire for traffic. The telegraph with its electric breath has kindled the fever of speculation, and, perhaps, drawn us away from the rich returns to be won from the cultivation of our God given and glorious soil. The facilities for travel have brought our primitive and contented population into contact with the fashions, the follies and the vices of city life, and our simple and guileless style has been swallowed up in the insatiate vortex.

But more, even, than this. With our more intimate acquaintance with the ways of the world has grown a distaste for former things, and a desire to join the reckless race for giddy pleasure and ostentatious display. But what the pampered family of the assured millionaire might do, was found too heavy a burden for those who were compelled to wring out each day's supply by unremitting toil. Hence wearing anxiety, and crushing debt, and fainting energies, and ruined fortunes.

The lesson taught us in the last 25 years has been one of fearful difficulty. Well for us if we have consoled the page aright and gained wisdom from the terrible instruction. And we believe the lesson will not be lost. We have faith in Kentucky spirit. The new regime begins to be better understood; the new harness to fit more easily, and the wheels to roll more smoothly.

We close the ledger then with '82, feeling that with all his tricks and terrors he has been in the main passably honest in his dealings; and that while we may have been losers in point of pecuniary results we may flatter ourselves that we have won largely in the way of valuable experience. We would enter on the new account with the motto furnished by the dying courtier: "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, God's and Truth's: Then if thou fallest thou fall'st a blessed martyr." J. A. B. Hustonville, Dec. 15.

Do Not Hurry Mr. Cleveland.

A good governor of New York would be very apt to make a good President. After Grover Cleveland has proved himself to be a good Governor, there will be plenty of time for his enthusiastic admirers to push him as a candidate for the Presidency.

He was a most efficient Mayor of Buffalo. He can also congratulate himself that, on every occasion since his election when he has opened his mouth to address an audience, he has shown a most admirable comprehension of the principles of Democratic government.

But for all that, he is still, but a colt. He has gone a comparatively short distance in the race of life. He is only a little more than forty years of age, and is still a bachelor.

When 1884 dawns, Gov. Cleveland will be a tried servant, an older man than he is now, and we hope he will be married. He can then be brought forward much more appropriately as a candidate for the Presidency than at the present time. Do not hurry him.—[N. Y. Sun.]

In what is claimed to be the most delicate pair of scales in the world, according to the account given in the scientific papers, the beam is made of rye-straw, and together with the pans, which are made of aluminum, weighs only fifteen grains. In the most delicate scales heretofore made the beam and pans weighed 68 grains—the beam being made of aluminum—and the instrument was capable of weighing to the one-thousandth of a grain. This new scale, however, weighs to the one ten-thousandth of a grain. A piece of hair one inch long, on being weighed with this wonderful apparatus, was found to represent the almost infinitesimal quantity of one thousandth of a grain.

Two Irishmen were asleep in the attic of a house which caught fire. One of them, in the hurry to escape, got his pantaloons on front side back and jumped in the street below. His companion seeing him falling all in a heap, called to him: "Whist, Jerry, are ye kilt entirely?" And Jerry, gathering himself up and discovering the strange adjustment of his garments aforesaid, shouted back: "Not entirely kilt, but upon me word I'm fatally twisted."

The average height of the Clark County Rifles is 5 feet 10 inches; average weight, 157 pounds. They are 45 in number, and all unmarried.—[Lexington Press.]

THE OWSELEY STOCK.

The Forefathers of the Present Numerous Family.

[For the Interior Journal.]

I am reliably informed about one hundred years ago, four brothers, William, Henry, Anthony and Daniel Owseley, and a half brother, Walter Williams, with two sisters, Patience and Lydia Owseley emigrated from Maryland and settled on Drakes Creek, near Crab Orchard, Ky.

William Owseley settled on the place where J. E. Carson now lives. He was the father of Governor William Owseley, Andeget, Dr. Joel, Samuel, Thomas, Maj. Jonathan; and the wives of Henry Middleton, Henry Baughman and Henry Pearl.

Henry Owseley settled on the place where John Shanks lived when he was killed. He was the father of Thomas, Elsworth, Henry, (commonly called Harry) John (commonly called Jacky), and Susan, who married William Harris.

Anthony Owseley settled near where George King now lives. He was the father of the wives of Herbert King, Stephen Williams, William Hamilton, Samuel Moore and William Hensford; also the father of William Owseley (called "Gilmore Tick Billy") and Bryan Y. Owseley.

Daniel Owseley settled where Geo. W. Evans now lives. He was the father of Seth, Levi, Hans P. and Holland, who married Thomas Stephenson, and Betsy who married James Burnett.

Patience Owseley married a Bledsoe, and was the mother of Moses, and Willis and A. Bledsoe. She afterwards married a Crow.

Lydia Owseley married a Hutchinson, and was the mother of Elijah, Thomas and William Hutchinson.

It is proposed to make the father of William, Henry, Anthony, Daniel, Patience and Lydia, whose surname is not ascertained, but can be, the main trunk of an Owseley tree. The family is very numerous and scattered over the world.

John Elsworth Owseley, late of Chicago, J. S. and J. B. Owseley, of Lincoln, and Daniel Owseley, of Todd county, Ky., are thought to be the richest of the name and Mike Owseley Owseley is thought to be the smartest of the name now living.

The foregoing is made out from the recollection of a RELATIVE 73 years of age.

Crab Orchard, Dec. 1882.

MEXICAN CRUELTY.—An Austin man who made a prolonged trip through Mexico, gives us some interesting details of his trip. He says that when he was in the City of Mexico he was shown through some of the old buildings, convents and jails that were erected by the Spaniards. In the walls of one of these ancient buildings he noticed a small opening, and he naturally inquired of his Mexican guide what it meant. He was told that it was "one of the buildings in which criminals were walled in alive."

"What is the use of that hole in the wall?"

"Well, Senor, you see, as long as the prisoner lived, his food was handed in to him on a plate, and he handed the empty plate back, but when he handed the plate back with the food on it untouched, then the jailer knew that the prisoner was dead already, and didn't give him any more."—[Texas Sifters.]

The house in which Jesse James was killed, at St. Joseph, Mo., is now occupied by its owner, an old lady. The room in which the bandit was slain remains in the condition in which it was left after the consummation of the deed, even to the blood on the floor. The old lady, having been greatly annoyed by persons desiring to see the room where the outlaw met his death, some time since hit upon the plan of charging an admission fee, and male visitors now pay fifty cents and female twenty-five cents. At these rates the number of sight-seers is so large that the old lady is rapidly accumulating a fortune.

"I am brisener guilty or not guilty?" asked a beaming Teutonic justice the other day. "Not guilty, your honor," promptly responded the personage addressed. "Den you youst get out, and go about your peesiness, my vrend, and stop your fooling round here mit your blaying off," indignantly ordered the outraged arm of the law.

A negro boy in Jeffersonville, Ind., is sick with the small-pox, and the attending physician expressed the belief that the disease was communicated by a mosquito which had previously nipped another patient.



And examine the largest and finest stock of Holiday Presents ever brought to Stanford. We have THE stock, and defy competition in prices. Our stock consists of very handsome assortments of Books, suitable for old and young; the most elegant stock of Watches, Jewelry and Silverware ever brought to the city; a beautiful line of Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, Vases and Chinaware of every description.

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DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES.

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ROBT. S. LYTTLE'S.

Prices Guaranteed to be as Low as the Lowest. S. W. Cor. Main and Lancaster streets, Stanford, Ky.

E. P. OWSELEY.

I WILL SELL MY

Fall and Winter Stock of Dry Goods,

Notions, Boots, Shoes and Clothing for the next 30 DAYS at greatly reduced prices. Heavy Boots, Shoes and Clothing a Specialty. E. P. OWSELEY.

A Home-Made Gift.

A Christmas gift of a pretty table is one that would be appreciated by almost any body, and a very pretty and even elegant one may be made at no great expense. Have made at a carpenter shop a stand with a square top and with four small, straight legs; cover the top and legs with royal blue velvet or velveteen; around the stand put a sort of valence or lambrequin, from eight to ten inches deep, and if skilled in the needle work of the day work at intervals of five or six inches a rose or bud, with slight stems and long leaves, in the lovely ribbon embroidery which makes so handsome an adornment and does not require so much time and material as many other kinds of embroidery. If you choose to have a low shelf on the table, that may be covered with the velvet but need not be decorated. A sofa pillow to match this table is very effective. A square of the royal blue velvet, with a bunch of roses and buds carelessly laid on, is all that is required, and the cushion is handsome as if lined with satin, and needs no cord or other finish at the edges.—[N. Y. Evening Post.]

The Frankfort Yeoman says: The first magistrate who makes up his mind to punish any person to the extent of the law who is found carrying a concealed weapon and who carries out that purpose, will do more to build up the community, and himself with it, than he could do by any other means. Why not?—[Flemingsburg Times.]

To sweep away at one rash stroke the whole internal revenue system would threaten embarrassment to the Treasury, block the future course of tariff revision, and cap the climax of blundering for the present Congress. All responsibility of attempting such a step should be left to the minority. It can only damage the party upon which the responsibility may rest.—[N. Y. Times (Rep.)]

Three persons have become insane in consequence of attending the revival meetings of Harrison, "the boy preacher," in this city. The last case is a Miss Emmmons, who is said to have become a raving lunatic. She was apparently in good mental health when she began to attend the meetings.—[Grand Rapids Times.]

South Dakota, which wants to be erected into a State, cast 31,000 votes at the late election, or one-third of the vote of the State of New York. Yet South Dakota wants two United States Senators and a Representative in Congress.

Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives, Lovers, Friends, Everybody,

—IS INVITED TO CALL AT—

PENNY & McALISTER'S

And examine the largest and finest stock of Holiday Presents ever brought to Stanford. We have THE stock, and defy competition in prices. Our stock consists of very handsome assortments of Books, suitable for old and young; the most elegant stock of Watches, Jewelry and Silverware ever brought to the city; a beautiful line of Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, Vases and Chinaware of every description.

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DARBY'S

PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Scurvy, Ulcerated Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

Small-Pox. A member of my family was taken with Small-Pox. I used the Fluid in the throat, and it was not difficult, was not painful, and was about the best remedy I have ever used. It cured the disease in three weeks, and no other medicine was required. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

For Scurvy, Ulcerated Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

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B. K. WEAREN,

UNDERTAKER.

Dealer in Furniture, MAIN ST., STANFORD.

Has just received a full line of Parlor Suites, Chamber Suites, cheap Beds, Bureaus, Wash Stands, best Cotton Mattresses, Lamp Stands, Corner Brackets, Cent. & Tables, Extension Tables, Dining Chairs, &c. Also keep constantly on hand a full line of Robes, Shrouds, Coffins and Caskets.

I also keep on hand the celebrated Byrd Burglar Proof Grave Vault, guaranteed to be perfect protection from vermin, ground holes, coppers, dampness and burglars.

I sell at figures that cannot be beaten. Call and see me. Orders by telegraph promptly attended to.

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CHRISTMAS TRIX

—OF—

PENNY & McALISTER

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

OF THE

Lancaster, Danville & Stanford

TELEPHONE CO.

NOTICE!

All persons having claims against the estate of C. L. Harris, dec'd., will present them to me, properly proved, at the Farmers National Bank, Stanford, Ky. All indebted to the estate are requested to settle at once. J. B. OWSELEY, Adm'r.

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.

Because your home, or your goods, or your life stock, or your other property have not been burnt or injured by fire or lightning, is no guarantee that they cannot be. Don't you think, then, that it would be prudent to secure indemnity in case such loss or damage should occur? I offer you this at the lowest rate obtainable in any first-class insurance company. I represent seven and you may take your choice. 96-98 JNO. M. PHILLIPS.

FINE FARM FOR SALE!

I offer for sale privately my excellent little Farm of 100 Acres, in the West end of Lincoln county, within 1/2 mile of Peyton's Well. It is 1/2 of a mile from the Millersville & Stanford pike and 1/2 mile from Stanford & Hustonville pike. It is well watered, has good improvements, about 50 in grass and wheat and balance for corn next year. It is very productive. Any person applying at once can obtain a bargain. J. B. OWSELEY, Adm'r.

MILLINERY! Mrs. Kate Dudders,

Stanford, Kentucky.



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CHRISTMAS TRIX

—OF—

PENNY & McALISTER

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

OF THE

Lancaster, Danville & Stanford

TELEPHONE CO.

NOTICE!

We, the undersigned, B. M. Burdett, W. S. Miller, E. R. West, W. E. Walker and J. B. Kinnaird, have agreed to and do hereby associate ourselves together for the purpose of erecting and carrying on a Telephone Line between the towns of Lancaster, Danville and Hustonville, Ky., under the corporate name of "The Lancaster, Danville & Stanford Telephone Company."

The corporation is to continue and exist for the space of fifty years from the first day of January, 1883, to the power to use and liability to be used by its corporate name to have a common seal with power to alter the same whenever the Board of Directors may see proper to do so.

The shares or interest in said Company shall be transferable on the books of the Company, only, and cancellation of the old Certificate of Stock and issuing a new one to the transferee.

The private property of the members of the corporation shall be exempt from the debts of the corporation.

The following article, contributed by a valued correspondent, is so true, and so thoroughly illustrates the matter treated, that we publish it verbatim:

"There is nothing so annoying to those which are brought into contact with it as ignorance is. Ignorant people are unable to understand those things which the average mind should comprehend at once. Education opens the mental vision, as it were, and presents to the thinking mind a vast panorama of beauty, while to the coarse and vulgar eye of ignorance there is nothing attractive."

"Daniel Webster once said that holiness is power and his great dictionary is adequate proof that he was no slouch himself in the education line. I have often seen people who became the victims of their fellow men because they were not informed upon things of which they should have obtained a knowledge, while others who had obtained a thorough education could take a pencil or a piece of chalk and add up any thing."

"If I had a child and could give him an education or a sheep ranch, I would give him the education and then let him acquire the sheep ranch. If I had a son and could give him a large herd of cattle or a good education, I would educate him, and he would get a soreback mule and a Tex- as steer and let nature take its course."

"I knew at one time a boy who was bent upon going to college although his folks were poor and he persevered for fifteen years through thick and thin till he came out with a diploma and a tape worm. You can acquire almost any thing at college from a Greek education to a hectic flush. Another young man who I knew first as a poor boy with red hair, applied himself at his studies patiently and industriously till he was a good penman, and then he wrote a check by which he got \$2,000 and eighteen years in the penitentiary. Other boys would have been contented with ten, but he was ambitious and once said that he would not be satisfied with any little fool petty larceny racket."

"I can count over among my own acquaintances a hundred I should cackale who had as good opportunities to acquire a prominent position in life as I did, but they would dither catch cat-fish and curse their future with ignorance and vice. Had they applied themselves while young, they might as well have been in the Legislature as I for they possessed the same natural heaven born genius that I did if they had improved it as they ought."

"When I was young I tackled the more difficult branches with great ardor and before I was nineteen years old could reduce fractions to a common denominator readily with one hand tied behind me."

"Do not despise learning. Men stand in Congress to-day as the result of thorough and studious labor in school who otherwise would perhaps be unknown, unhonored and unsprung. They worked hard at school while other boys were out at recess. They toiled at noon eating their bread and cold beef with one hand while with the other they worked out their sums in algebra."

"If George Washington had neglected his studies in his youth, where would he have been to-day? He would have filled an unknown grave, instead of resting in a stone milk-house at Mount Vernon with hundreds of Americans coming there day after day to shed the scalding weep over him. Adams & Jefferson, Forepaugh, Alexander the Great, Jesse James & Queen Victoria were all alike poor boys but they acquired a knowledge of the spelling book and slate early in their lives and now they are well heeled."

"The pen is mightier than the sword and a thorough knowledge of grammar is better than a farrow cow in fly time. If it was the last words I could utter I would say: Get wealth if you can, but if you can't, get education and marry rich."—[Nye's Boomerang.]

A widow writes to cavalry officer in Dakota: "Dear Sir: My man, perhaps you know, is dead. I buried him Tuesday. It is coming on Spring, and I am a lone woman with a big ranch, and the Indians about. I don't mind the Indians, the red devils, but I have too much work for any woman to do. If you have any sergeant about to be mustered out, or a private, if he is a good man, I would like to have you inform me about him. If he is a steady man, likes work, and wants a good home, I will marry him, it we think we can get along together. It's a good chance for any man. Please answer."

The Story of Samson.

"Pa," said the Rev. Mulkittle's son, "Samson was a strong man, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Samson was the strongest man that ever lived."

"Tell me about him."

"It was intended that Samson should be the strongest man, and before he was born—"

The bewildered expression on the child's face arrested the minister in his narration.

"Before he was born?" asked the boy.

"Yes, before—that is, before he was found in a hollow stump—"

"Just like little sister?"

"Yes. Just before he was found an angel appeared and foretold of his strength, saying that no razor must touch his head."

"Was the angel afraid that the razor would cut him?"

"No; the angel meant that his strength lay in his hair, and that his hair must not be cut off."

"If I let my hair grow long, can I lift more than now?"

"I don't know about that."

"Are women stronger than men?"

"No."

"But they've got longer hair."

"Yes; they have longer hair."

"A woman couldn't whip you, could she?"

"No; not easily."

"Was Samson a Democrat?"

"I don't know."

"But why don't you know? I'd know if I was as old as you. How many men was it that Samson killed?"

"One thousand."

"He was bad, wasn't he?"

"No."

"But when a man kills any body he's bad?"

"The Lord was with Samson."

"But the Lord says you mustn't kill any body. Did Samson go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"He's the strongest angel there, ain't he?"

"You are getting foolish again."

"But I want to know. Will you know Samson when you go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"But you won't fool around him, will you? If he was to hit you he'd break your wings, wouldn't he?"

"Go to your mother. The next time you attempt to question me about the Bible I shall whip you."

Seven Excuses for Smiling.

Josh Billings says: "Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort comes an old shoe."

The Popular Science Monthly asks:

"What are crowds?" The third party is a large crowd.

The meekest kind of man is the man who will at this season give a tramp a straw hat, when he knows that if the tramp wears it he'll get galled to death.

A Missouri girl whose father refused to buy her a lemon-colored linen dress poisoned one of his mules to get even. A girl who can't be in style will become desperate.

A little girl had been scolded by her grandmother. She picked up her little kitten, and caressing it, said, "I wish one of us three was dead. And it isn't you kitty, and it ain't me."

We see that "far-lined circulars are fashionable again." People had much better advertise in the newspapers than waste their money sending far-lined circulars through the post-office.

A little 3-year-old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

The Governor of Kansas told the young men of Chicago that twenty-five years ago he drove oxen and drove them well. An exchange says the present Governor of Texas started in life as a hostler at \$8 per month, and he did his work well. The financial magnate, Rufus Hatch, began life as a chain carrier in surveying a Wisconsin railroad, and afterward was a locomotive engineer. There are multitudes of idle young men because they can not find "honorable" work. They would do well to remember that all honest labor is honorable and that idleness is a vice.

When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without heart. Prayer will make a man cease from sin or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer. The spirit of prayer is more precious than treasures of gold and silver. Pray often, for prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge for Satan.—[John Bunyan.]

A minister at Maryville, Tenn., who, according to his own story, had been restored to life after having been dead three days, and returned to the world for the purpose of evangelizing it, was sent to an insane asylum because he wanted to carry on his missionary work without any clothes on.

Making a Fool of Himself.

This is who he was:—

He was a man of forty-five; His name was Edmund Lee; He had a limp, also a squint, Also a family.

And this is his errand:— He came to town to buy an ax To cut his wife's wood; He asked for his wife's wood; He shouldn't if he could.

And this was the natural consequence:— His head began to spin around, His tongue grew large and thick, And by-and-by his legs refused To kick another kick.

And then an officer came along, and He collared Edmund as a trifle, And said in accents low: "I'm not in your debt, sir, That up the spot you'll go."

"And so you are here again?" queried His Honor, as the prisoner was walked out.

"Here again? Why, I never was in such a place in my full life before!"

"Well, perhaps I'm mistaken. You live in the country, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, and I'd give a three-year old steer to be at home about this time o' day."

"You couldn't come to town like a man of sense and do your trading and go home all straight. You felt that you must guzzle some beer, and you couldn't stop at three or four glasses, but had to get drunk and take a roll in the gutter. Nice looking man you are this morning."

"Don't Judge—don't say a word! If any man in this room will take me out behind the cider-mill and kick me eighty times I'll give him a cow! Judge, I'm crushed. I'm ashamed to look a decent man in the face."

"How long since you went on a spree?"

"Never before—never! never!"

"It's rather singular that you went at it yesterday."

"So it was, your Honor—so it was. I believe every man makes a fool of himself at some time or other, and yesterday happened to be my day."

"If I should suspend sentence and set you at liberty, could you keep straight for the next six months?"

"Yes—and the next six thousand years! Let me find myself on the way home to Sarah and the children, and I'll surely be the happiest man in America."

The Court permitted him to go, And warned him as he did, The man who drinks a schooner glass Can't keep a level head.

—[Detroit Free Press.]

The Lord's Prayer.

The spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. It breathes:

A filial spirit—"Father."

A catholic spirit—"Our Father."

A reverential spirit—"Hallowed be thy name."

A missionary spirit—"Thy kingdom come."

An obedient spirit—"Thy will be done."

A dependent spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

A penitent spirit—"Forgive our trespasses."

A forgiving spirit—"As we forgive them that trespass against us."

A watchful spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil."

A believing and adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever. Amen."

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.—The average Arkansas editor rarely fails to consult the intellectual tastes of his readers. The other day the Slick Rock Muscle, weekly paper of well-known ability and great political influence, contained the following: "Our wife, who has been our companion and assistant for years, died day before yesterday, and we would give our numerous readers an interesting account of her life and public services, together with a neat obituary notice expressive of our grief, but as we have to condense and crowd in as much election news as possible this week, we must grapple business and dispense with pleasure until next week."—[Arkansas Traveler.]

The Afro American, a colored men's paper in Cincinnati, delivers itself thusly: "The white Republicans of the Seventh District of Kentucky, who refused to vote for J. W. Asbury on account of his color, have souls that would float in a drop of water or on the point of a fine cambric needle. When at the next election such Republicans call upon the colored men to vote for the party they should be promptly knocked down and spat upon. Such is our measure of contempt for all such."

Don't overfeed the hogs and let them eat our feed or feed left over, but give them three times a day all they will eat up clean and relish it. Add to the corn diet turnips, pumpkins, potatoes, apples, etc., as a relish. It will help them to eat more corn and digest it.

The unkindest cut Blaine has received lately comes from the editor of the Reading News, who figures out that on the salary of the President, \$200,000 for four years, Blaine could come out worth \$40,000,000.

Solomon and the Blacksmith.

The story goes that during the building of Solomon's Temple that wise ruler decided to treat the artisan's employer on his famous edifice to a banquet. When the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided, King Solomon moved about from table to table, endeavoring to become better acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:—

"My friend, what is your trade?"

"A carpenter."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the carpenter.

To another Solomon said: "What is your trade?"

"A mason," was the reply.

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the mason.

A third stated that he was a stone-cutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools.

The fourth man that King Solomon addressed was a blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man, with bared arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, seemingly almost as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man?" asked the King.

"Blacksmith," laconically replied the man of the anvil and sledge.

"And who makes your tools?"

"Make them myself," said the blacksmith.

Whereupon, King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the King of Mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have the tools of their trade manufactured.

All That Glitters is Not Gold.

A man came into the office of a practical chemist one day, and after asking leave to lock the door, produced from a handkerchief, in a very mysterious manner, some substance which he laid on the table.

"Do you see that?" he asked triumphantly.

"I do," said the gentleman.

"Well, what do you call it?"

"I call it iron pyrites."

"What?—ain't it gold?"

"No; it's worth nothing." And placing some on a shovel, he held it over the fire, when it all disappeared up the chimney.

The spirit was all gone out of the poor fellow as he sank back in a chair and at last the sad truth came out.

"There's a widow in our place has got a bull hill full of that stuff, and I have gone and married her."—[Farmer's Home Journal.]

PITY THE POOR GIRL.—When a young man kisses his girl good night about 1:30 A. M., he may have nearly a mile to walk before reaching his home and he envies his girl, who he supposes jumps into bed and is fast asleep in ten minutes after he leaves the house. He doesn't know that she must first fish 79 hair pins out of her head, one at a time, and twist her hair up in bits of paper so that it will crimp nicely next day, and that he is in bed snoring before she turns off the gas. If he were aware of this fact, perhaps he would leave earlier.—[Chicago Times.]

THE CONTENTED COUNTRY EDITOR.—Once upon a time an editor in search of food was compelled to pawn his diamond shirt studs for a loaf of bread. While conveying the humble meal to his castle a hungry dog ran off with it, and a few minutes later robbers relieved the editor of his gold watch and \$80 in money. Instead of being rattled by these untoward incidents the editor smilingly remarked: "I thank the gods that I have still my appetite left." We are taught by this fable that true contentment is the greatest of all journalistic boons.—[Denver Tribune.]

The trouble with the young doctor is that he thinks he knows it all. After he has been ten or fifteen years in practice, and has made his mark in the cemetery settlements, he begins to find out that any old woman nurse could discount him at the start in the diagnosis of a case. He only beats the old woman by using the big new names for old diseases.

During Morgan's celebrated raid through Ohio in 1862, Gen. Morgan stopped one of his men coming from a hardware store saying "what in the d—d did you steal that rake for?"

"Cause the other boys had been there and there was nothing else left to steal," promptly answered the soldier.

A Brunette child endured for many years the Taunts and Jibes of the Blonde parents. "Alas," cried he, "What an Unhappy Lot is mine, since Neither My father will tell me Whom he Suspects nor Will my Mother give me the Slightest Pointer!"—[Fable.]

A woman at Peoria, Ill., who is the mother of eight children, has allowed a hired man to alienate her affections from her husband. Everybody agrees that the hired man is a blooming fool.

PROFESSIONAL.

T. W. VARNON, WALLACE E. VARNON, T. W. & W. E. VARNON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STANFORD, KY.

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1882. A GRAND COMBINATION. 1882.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

—And the Louisville—

Weekly Courier-Journal

One year for \$3.50—two papers for little more than the price of one.

By paying us \$3.50 you will receive for one year your home paper with the Courier-Journal, the representative newspaper of the South, and the best, brightest and ablest family weekly in the United States. Those who desire to examine a sample copy of the Courier-Journal can do so at this office.

FOR SALE!

Having concluded to remove to Texas, I offer for sale my

Residence & Business House, Combined in one, situated in the town of Crab Orchard, Ky., on Lancaster street. The building is two and one-half stories high, 9x27 feet and contains in all eight rooms. The store-room is 20x40, with counters and shelving nicely and properly arranged, with all the outbuilding necessary to convenience and the taste of the most fastidious, and an abundance of pure water for drinking and household purposes, beautiful shade and fruit trees adorning and beautifying the entire premises, all in a good and healthy condition. A one-story building, a cheap yet valuable residence, among a clever and prosperous people, would do well to call and examine the premises before purchasing elsewhere. Terms reasonable.

JOHN F. STRODE, 92-1f

CONDENSED TIME.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD LINE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Nov. 26, 1882.

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OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT.
THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, in its SEMI-WEEKLY form, completes the first year of its existence with this issue and celebrates the anniversary by appearing before its appreciated readers, so proud of itself that its ordinary run was far too small to hold it, nor would any thing short of this double sheet. It has reason too for this self-congratulation, for it has safely cut the eye-tooth of the experiment and shown the wise heads, who shook their knowing noddles even more wisely than usual, when it was suggested, that they do not always sometimes know quite as much as they think they do. It gives us double pleasure, therefore, to state to those who have stood by it and to those who predicted a collapse within six months, that we have succeeded peculiarly even better than our most sanguine calculations. Our subscription list, thanks to a people who can always be relied on to stand by a man when he makes a proper effort to stand by himself, is greater now than at any time during the ten years of the paper's existence, and this issue is larger by far than any we have ever printed. A new power press has been added during the year, and a steam engine some time ago took the place as a motive power of the brawny son of Ham, who had been furnishing it theretofore. On the whole it has been a most prosperous year, and notwithstanding we have had to work just twice as hard as before, we do not regret, but on the contrary, are glad we discarded the slow once-a-week for the more-in-keeping-with-the-times twice-a-week paper. We hope and believe our readers are as well pleased with the change and that they will show it by continued patronage and good wishes and words.

Considering the fact that another issue will appear before the happiest season of the year will be ushered in, it is almost too early to extend the compliments of that occasion, but for the sake of our readers in Maine, California and the other distant States, whom this paper will reach about the time that Santa Claus does, "we embrace this opportunity" to wish them and all of our other patrons the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year. Delinquent subscribers will please enclose \$2.50 with their good wishes, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Old Governor Allen, of Ohio, once said: "You might as well try to run an ice-house in hell as an honest government with a great surplus of funds in the Treasury." The old gentleman was right. The republican Congressmen have made history repeat itself with a vengeance in the last few years, vide the river and harbor bill steal, the monitor swindle and so on ad infinitum. The average republican legislator is never so happy as when concocting schemes to deplete our rather flash Treasury, but gives no thought to extinguishing the national debt and reducing taxation. A reform in these matters is demanded, and we believe that the next House, which is democratic, will meet that demand.

THE Courier-Journal says that it will maintain the strictest neutrality between Carlisle and Blackburn for the Speakership, but it don't take much of an expert to read between the lines that, since the latter declared for a tariff for revenue only, he is its choice. The Louisville Commercial, rep., is also for Blackburn, a decidedly bad sign. A large majority of the other Kentucky papers are for Carlisle. The Covington Commonwealth, which is red-hot for its neighbor, remarks: "If cheek and bluster decide the contest, Blackburn will win."

HENRY STANTON has been using our gubernatorial picture in the Yeoman to represent a clothing man. This is an indignity that we do not propose the candidates shall submit to, and we hereby warn him that an infringement of our rights and patents shall be tested in the courts of the land. We shall see whether this country is so free that any man is free to use the coming governor's likeness to represent a plebeian. If the courts do not help us, then we shall call upon the "Daughters, Wives and Mothers" of the land to resent the insult.

AUDITOR HEWITT says that Registrar of the Land Office Sheldon was not later in his report than has been customary, but his greatly increased work would have excused him had he been unusually late. Just as soon as it was called for he made his report and paid over his full amount of indebtedness to the State. Capt. Sheldon is an honest man, and we do not believe he would do an intentional wrong.

THE Harrodsburg Enterprise has found out to its sorrow that the Mendelssohn Piano Co. are miserable swindlers, and asks its exchanges to pass them around. The best time to pass such concerns is when they send their insouciantly low offers for advertising space, payable in imaginary pianos at fabulous prices. We always do.

The beauty of the new Chinese bill is exemplified in the fact that a Chinaman living at Pittsburg, Pa., wishing to go to his native country and marry, telegraphed to Secretary Folger, asking if he would be allowed to bring her back with him. The Secretary replied that under the law he could return but not his wife.

It is said that the policy of the republicans during the remainder of the session of Congress will be to cut down all appropriations so that the democratic House will have to provide for the deficiency. For ways that are sharp and tricks that are mean the republicans have always been peculiar.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress adjourns Friday till Jan. 2.
The snow is ten to fifteen feet deep in many localities in New York.
The debt of Lexington according to the Mayor's report is \$133,000.
The death rate according to the census is 15.1 persons to the 1,000 yearly.
The Hall Block in Toledo, O., burned Friday night, causing a loss of \$650,000.
The Cincinnati Southern will give its patrons a Christmas gift by selling tickets at reduced rates to all points.
The Kentucky Central Railroad was fined \$2,000 at Lexington, for obstructing streets with its cars.
The Fayette Circuit Court added fourteen convicts to the penitentiary. The terms range from two to three years.
B. C. Atkins, a countryman, blew out the gas when he went to bed in a Frankfort, Ky., hotel and the next morning he got up dead.
In New York City during the last thirteen years, 1,887 persons have committed suicide, of whom 1,326 were men and 561 women.
All the keepers of houses of ill-fame in Lexington, thirteen in number, were indicted by the grand jury last week and some ten have been arrested and put in jail.
Robert Ould, assistant Secretary of War under the Confederate Government, died at Richmond, Va. Friday. He first came into prominence as prosecutor in the celebrated Sickles-Keys murder case.

The greatest number of failures that have occurred in the U. S. during any week this year were reported last week. The number was 208, of which 41 were in the Southern States and 60 in the Western.
Ar. Mansfield, La., Peter Thomas for the murder of Dick Bright; at Selma, Ala., John Redd for killing Lucy Lee; at Deadwood, Dak., John Bright for killing a Mexican, were all jerked to Kingdom come Friday.
It is reported that Judge Brown will not ask for State troops to protect Neal and Craft at their approaching trial at Grayson, but will order the Sheriff to summon a sufficient number of citizens to insure their safety.

The grand jury at Lexington examined into the management of the Lunatic Asylum there and found divers irregularities. Among other things they found that the steward was furnishing his family from the supplies of the institution and hauling coal away by the cart-load for his own use.
A fire at Hickman, Ky., destroyed three entire blocks of business houses. The alarm was sounded at three o'clock in the morning, and the flames were not gotten under control until 6 in the afternoon. The loss is estimated at \$100,000; insurance \$42,000. The water facilities were meager.
The Italian beauty who murdered her lover in the Palmer House, Chicago, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. The killing created a great sensation as Styles was a prominent stock operator. The woman tried the insanity dodge with pretty good success, else the verdict would have been death.

Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana, is dead. Frank Donahue while drunk froze to death at Mt. Sterling. The Court of Appeals has confirmed the decision sentencing George Alsop to life imprisonment for the murder of a constable in Jefferson county.
The P. O. Department has put some 240 Southern Matrimonial and Natal Associations on the Black List.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.
Sam. M. Burdett, Editor.
A nice line of stationery at J. L. Whitehead's.
Christmas and New Year cards at J. L. Whitehead's.
From the present outlook, the Holidays will be rather dull.
The biggest stock of Holiday Goods in Mt. Vernon at J. L. Whitehead's.
All the poets, the best novels and the best stock of holiday books at J. L. Whitehead's.
You can buy Webster's Unabridged Dictionary from J. L. Whitehead at prices ranging from \$10 to \$25.
Mt. Vernon now has ten lawyers and one doctor. Luckily, however, our single M. D. is a good one.
Toys, dolls, candies, raisins, nuts, oranges, lemons, fireworks and Chinese lanterns for sale by J. L. Whitehead.
J. L. Whitehead desires to call attention to his large and elegant stock of jewelry. He has the best selected, best assorted and best line of jewelry in town.

Sunday was a sweet-ner. From freezing dawn till frozen eve, "the beautiful" tumbled down beautifully. It is evident that in such weather "the bull-frog" has hung up his fiddle.
Ice was 2 1/2 inches thick Sunday morning. The wind was in the South and Mr. J. L. Joplin fearing that it might be the last chance, determined that for once he would indulge in "Sabash breaking." Accordingly he went to work and filled his ice-house.

Parlor and mantle lamps with argand burners at J. L. Whitehead's.
It was reported here Saturday that H. Frith, of Gum Sulphur, had made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.
The last of the four convicts who escaped from one of the camps on the K. C. R. R., in this county, was recaptured and returned here last week.
You can buy from J. L. Whitehead any book, newspaper or periodical published in the English language. He is the man to take your orders.
At J. L. Whitehead's drug and book store and news depot, you will find a carefully selected stock of pure drugs and medicines. Prescriptions compounded at all hours by experienced hands.
The Dramatic Club will probably give their entertainment on the night of the 24. The exact date will be published hereafter. The proceeds will be used to purchase an organ for the Sunday-school.
The fellow who is fond of a practical joke, got in his work on Jim Maret last Saturday. But the joke developed the fact that Jim is determined to blow his whistle "if it costs him a thousand dollars."

Bro. Barnes' circular has been received here. His friends here think the "new departure," on the whole, the best thing for him to do. To the extent of their ability, they doubtless will assist him in his work.
If you want to make a brother, sister, wife, husband, mother, father, daughter, son, friend or sweetheart a Christmas present, go to J. L. Whitehead's and get it. He keeps every thing from a bottle of perfume to a sewing machine.
The Christmas tree at the Court-house next Monday evening is for the Sunday-school. A committee will see to it that every child whose name is enrolled as a member of the school gets a present. The little ones should be out in force.
County Court in this month will be on the 25th, a legal holiday, and quarterly court begins the 1st day of next month, another legal holiday. Circuit court convenes on the 8th of next month, a celebrated anniversary, though for a wonder, not a holiday.

The year is drawing to a close and Mrs. Adams & Son desire to remind all those indebted to them either by note or account that now is a good time to come forward and settle. They have indulged their debtors for a long time, and they now need the money and must have it.
The attention of the public is especially called to the advertisement of Mr. J. Cook, elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Cook is a live man and he is doing a "rattling" business at Pleasant Valley. About the only comment his customers make on their purchases is to wonder how he can sell them so low.

ENTERPRISE.—Mr. James Maret has established a new industry in Mt. Vernon, a chair factory. An engine and all necessary machinery have been procured, and the factory is located back of the Newcomb Hotel. Mr. Nicholson will have charge of the factory. He is thoroughly acquainted with the business.
F. L. Thompson desires to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he now has on hand a large, handsome and well selected stock of goods which he is selling at rock-bottom prices for "the rocks." He defies competition in prices and in the quality of his goods. A nice lot of goods just received; bought especially for the Holiday trade. Call at the new store if you want bargains.

The Church here has made no arrangements, as yet, for a preacher next year. Though Eld. J. L. Allen, who has labored faithfully and well for us during the past four years, expressed himself as not desirous of returning on account of his pressing school-room duties, yet it is believed that if insisted on, he would return even at a sacrifice to himself. If the Church fails to secure Bro. Allen, they will make a mistake.
During the Holidays J. E. Vowel's Variety Store will be open at all hours to give everybody an opportunity to select goods and prepare for a merry, merry Christmas. There you can get stacks of oranges, lemons, bananas, raisins, dates, figs, all kinds of nuts, plain and fancy cakes and candies, fresh fish and oysters, canned goods, jellies, preserves, pickles, fruit works, albums, scrap-books, dolls, musical instruments, etc. etc.

Mr. J. L. Joplin gives notice that he will apply to the County Court at its regular term in this month for license to keep hotel and sell spirituous liquors. The local prohibition law of this county is constantly violated by parties all over the county. In the opinion of several good lawyers the law is unconstitutional and inoperative. Mr. Joplin will probably carry his application to the Circuit Court and, if necessary, to the Court of Appeals.
Mrs. J. L. Whitehead proposes to illuminate his store room with Chinese lanterns Christmas night. The poor teachers, to say nothing of the pupils, are having a hard time of it this weather. They are looking anxiously for "last day" of school to roll round. This weather will seriously impede progress in the work on the K. C. The "entry" has been driven in most of the tunnels however, and in these the operatives can work, no matter what kind of weather it is. The lawyers say that litigation is now about as dull as it has ever been within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

ABOUT PEOPLE.—Miss Helen Conn, of Pine Hill, was visiting here last Saturday. Mr. J. D. Chandler is in Nashville in the interest of the Laurel Coal Association. Mr. Bennett H. Joplin, who has been selling the "Golden Gems of Life" in Hart, Monroe and Adair counties, returned here last Saturday. He reports splendid success and seems to be in love with the business. Mr. R. G. Ward, of Livingston, was here last week. He intends going to Louisville soon to accept a position as book-keeper. He is an industrious, competent young man and here's success to him. Dr. J. J. Brown, who is now located at Bois d'Arc, Mo., is said to be greatly pleased with the place. He will return shortly to move his family there. Mr. R. L. Brooks will begin business as book agent the first of the year. He will canvass Laurel county for the "Golden Gems." His friends here wish him great success.

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L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Passenger trains North..... 9 50 A. M.
" " South..... 2 00 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAllister. Buy your ammunition of all kinds from McRoberts & Stagg.

New stock of Jewelry and Silverware at Penny & McAllister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAllister.

FAIL lot of Zeigler's Shoes just received and for sale at J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

STANDARD Sheet Music, Vocal and Instrumental, for 10 cents at Penny & McAllister's.

LARGE stock of Window Glass, all sizes Double thick glass for flower pits. Penny & McAllister.

Just received a new lot of clocks for ladies and children and a fine lot of Dolls. J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. S. M. Carson, of Louisville, arrived yesterday.

—Mr. J. H. Watson, of Walton, is on a visit to his father at Crab Orchard.

—Mr. JOHN DULLO, Masonry Contractor of the K. C. R. R. was here yesterday.

—Mr. DANIEL STAGG and family moved to their new home in Stanford, yesterday.

—Miss SALLIE GREEN has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. T. T. Garrard, at Manchester.

—Miss BETTIE PAXTON will fill Miss Mary Myers' place as teacher at the College during her absence.

—DR. M. TAYLOR, contractor on the K. C. R. R., is at the Altamont Coal Co. and Mr. S. E. Bowen are in town.

—Mr. LOUIS H. RAMSEY has named his baby Eddie Walton, in honor of our younger brother. It is a big compliment to a 16-year-old.

—Miss LAURA ENGLEMAN has returned from a long visit to Franklin and Louisville, and is now confined to her bed with something like fever.

—Miss FANNIE MCCORMACK, our pretty McCormack's Church correspondent, with her sister, Miss Lizzie, made us a very welcome call Saturday.

—Messrs. J. S. HOCKER, Joe S. Grimes and J. W. Hayden go to Louisville today to attend an entertainment given by Misses Mary and Marie Burnett to Miss Moffett, of Illinois.

—Miss MARY MYERS, Miss Pauline Grimes and Miss Fannie Reid, leave for Cuero, Texas, today, to visit Miss Lou Lane, who is well remembered here for her beauty and sprightliness.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Go to the "Twin Fronts."

PLAIN COTTONS at 8¢ per yard at Kline's.

WE WILL issue Friday and during the Christmas, of course.

SLEEP WARM—Go to Kline's and buy his 65 cents Comforts.

COTTON AND TICKING—D. Kline keeps both these articles cheaper than any body.

A LITTLE CHILD of Mr. George Moore died a few days ago from the effects of a burn.

A LARGE variety of cook stoves, heating stoves and grates just received by A. Owsley. Low prices.

LOWER THAN EVER—To reduce stock I will sell at reduced rates for cash till Jan. 1, 1883. W. T. Green.

GOOD Business House for rent from Jan. 1, 1883. Now occupied by W. T. Green. Apply to M. D. Elmore, Stanford, Ky.

COME early and make your selection from our large stock of cheap Toys before they have been picked over. McAllister & Bright.

Just received a large stock of French and stick candies, foreign and domestic fruits and nuts, for the Holidays at McAllister & Bright's.

TO REDUCE my stock of Dry Goods, &c., I offer special inducements in prices for the next week or two. Call and see how low goods can be sold. J. W. Hayden.

MESSRS. CHENAULT, SEVERANCE & Co. advertise in this issue that in order to close out their stock they will sell at below cost till further notice. Now for bargains.

THE citizens of Boyle are working for the terminus of the road to Nashville and held a big meeting Saturday. Our county will hardly let her get ahead of them, we hope.

PERSONS intending to mask at the Skating Carnival next Friday night are requested to furnish the manager with their names as soon as possible. Admission to all, save the maskers, 25 cents.

A COLD WAVE swept this section again Friday and Saturday, causing the mercury to monkey around "Cairo" and ending in the heaviest fall of snow this season on Sunday. It now covers the ground to the depth of several inches.

FINE DEER—Messrs. G. H. McKinney and J. B. Owens returned from Whitely yesterday with a fine buck, which netted 110 lbs. Jim did the execution but the Captain had the agree when he came in range. They saw quite a number during their hunt, but did not get in shooting distance.

B. K. WEAREN'S Furniture Store is the place to go for Christmas presents. He is receiving a full line of fancy cabinet ware, such as wall pockets, comb cases, velvet frames and mouldings, hat racks, stand tables, &c. Also a big lot of wagons, carriages and wheelbarrows for the little folks.

HAVING bought out the harness and saddlery business of Squire W. R. Carson, I will open out a first-class shop at my stables, where all kinds of repairing will be done at the lowest rates. Prof. S. M. Rigney will be in charge of the shop and will be glad to see his friends both as to harness and the veterinary business. A. T. Nunnelly.

BONNET GINGHAM at Kline's for 8¢ per yard.

CHRISTMAS presents in the dry goods line can be had at J. W. Hayden's.

LOOK NICE—Go to Kline's and get beautiful calicoes at 4, 5 and 6 cts. per yard.

FRESH raisins, currants, citron and other fancy groceries for Christmas cake at A. Owsley's.

THE case against Robert Collier for obtaining goods under false pretenses was settled by his paying for the goods.

IMITATION is the veriest flattery. The Danville Advertiser has a "Garrard Department" beginning with its last issue.

I HAVE four or five good building lots in Stanford for sale, elegantly located and two of them the nicest in town. John Bright.

CITY JUDGE HILL fined Squire Higgins, negro, for beating his sweetheart \$5, and Cato Withers \$10 for breach of the Peace.

Just received a new line of China, Glass and Queensware, including some handsome Tea, Chamber and water-sets. McAllister & Bright's.

CHENAULT, SEVERANCE & Co., not wishing to carry over their clothing and boots to next season, offer their entire stock of those goods at cost.

WE WILL begin to make Christmas flour to-day and will pay special attention to custom work. Our improvements are now complete. McAllister & Salles.

THE MERRY jingle of the sleigh-bells and the crying of the wheels of the ice-wagon were heard in the air yesterday. The ice gathered is over three inches thick.

JERRY HUGHES, the negro of whose offense our Hustonville letter told last Friday, was given 50 days in jail and a fine of \$50. He now languishes in the lock up.

AN exchange says that in a majority of cases young women wear bangs to hide the ugly warts on their foreheads. We do not believe the number is that large, for of all the girls in Stanford, but two wear them to hide such deformities.

Mrs. M. A. DAWSON, who is now over three-score and ten, has been a subscriber to the New York Ledger for over 40 years. She still reads its entertaining love stories with apparently as much interest as when her own life was filled with romance.

DON'T FAIL to visit the Grand Emporium of McRoberts & Stagg for Holiday goods before purchasing elsewhere. Will have large stock of silverware and jewelry for the Holiday to arrive in a few days, and for beauty and elegance can not be surpassed.

THOSE who know any thing about the business will agree with us that this is a pretty good sized sheet for our usual office force, four compositors, to get out in three days. It took work early and late, but they were equal to the emergency, and we are out as usual on time.

THIS has indeed been a year of death in this community; more having occurred than in any previous year, not excepting those in which epidemics have appeared. Typhoid fever and pneumonia have done the greatest work and their ravages have been principally among the younger folks.

CHRISTMAS turkeys, cranberries, mince meat, krou, butter, eggs, oysters, crackers, raisins, currants, dates, figs, nuts of all kinds, oranges, lemons, bananas, apples, pickles, jellies, candies of every description, a nice line of China, glass and Majolica Christmas wares and a big stock of all kinds of canned goods at Bruce, Warren & Co.'s, the "Twin Fronts."

THE FELLOW who swore that he was worth over \$1,500 and was taken as bail for the thief Williams, who burglarized Blake's jewelry store in Danville, has been arrested for perjury, as he had no property at all. The forfeited bond is therefore worthless and by an apparent connivance of the Cincinnati authorities, Williams is free to prosecute his business till caught again.

MARRIAGES.

—Mr. James F. Holdam will lead to the altar at Crab Orchard to-day Miss Bettie, the pretty and accomplished daughter of Dr. W. M. Doore.

—Licenses were issued yesterday to Mr. James R. Wilcox to marry Miss Lillie, daughter of Mr. B. F. Eubanks, to-day; to Wm. S. Newell and Miss Nellie Ann. Redd also to-day, and to Mr. Charles O. B. R. and Miss Rachel Louisa Hicks for the 21st.

—Dr. Joseph Bryant, whose wife got a divorce from him at Lexington less than ten days ago, eloped to Cincinnati with the pretty young widow Brown and were married after much difficulty. All the Lexington preachers refused to perform the ceremony owing to the recentness of the divorce.

—Fewer marriages have occurred this year than for a number of years, notwithstanding it has been one of plenty and prosperity. The record shows that 63 white couples have been united since this day one year ago and 37 colored couples. During 1881 there were 86 licenses issued to whites and 70 to blacks.

—Married, at Franklin, Tenn., on the 14th, by Rev. Lansing Burrows, of Lexington, Ky., Richmond Rochester, of Birmingham, Ala., late of Stanford, to Miss Minnie Devereaux Bond, of the last mentioned place, (native of Mississippi). A beautiful wedding and impressive ceremony, all the marriageable young people declaring they were quite in the humor of having the same repeated in their own behalf. The bride wore a lovely broad crepe satin, en train, lace flounces, natural flowers and was lovely. Groom was attired in conventional black, "spade-tail" coat Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 17.

—The young woman, who, at Lebanon, decided at the eleventh hour which of two lovers she would marry, and who took one and afterwards eloped with the other, was arrested in New Albany and she and her guilty lover put in jail for fornication.

Poor thing, she wanted to cheer both of her fool admirers and got herself in trouble. There is such a thing as a woman being too good natured.

—The Great American towerist, Hon. Thomas C. Ball, who wrote a book telling of his wonderful tower to Texas, has gone on his last tower alone. There are two of him now and together they will make the tower of life, unless death or the divorce courts render them sunder. On Friday last, a rather unlucky day according to the superstitions, he was united in marriage to Miss Georgia Ann Jennings by the Rev. J. M. Bruce, and after a tower to the Junction they settled down to business in the "Union Store" where "a little of every thing" is kept. He says his wife is as pretty as a blue bird and he wouldn't take \$50,000 in gold for her.

DEATHS.

—Mr. J. M. Hendricks, keeper of the Buffalo Cemetery informs us that he has buried this year 18 adults and five children. Last year the number was together 22.

—Mrs. Peggy McPherson, relict of the late Walter McPherson, died on Friday, of a general giving away of the vital forces, aged 85 years. Her mind was also affected and for weeks she sat in bed and worked now at one imaginary knitting, then at sewing and the other duties of her former life. This she kept up night and day and when her tired hands at last rested in death, the skin had worn from them to the bone. She was a Miss Dudder and all her life was highly respected and loved by her associates.

RELIGIOUS.

—Dr. J. W. Cox will preach here on the 5th Sunday.

—Rev. J. M. Bruce cut the ice Sunday afternoon and during a blinding snow storm put 13 persons in the freezing liquid. Look out for more cases of pneumonia.

—Owing to the rust in the pipes of the furnace under the Christian Church, no steam could be gotten up Sunday and when the congregation began to gather it was as cold as a barn. Seeing this predicament, the Baptists kindly gave them the use of their house, so Dr. Cox held forth there both at the morning and evening service.

—The meeting at the Presbyterian Church is progressing favorably. Dr. Evans presents the word of God in a most earnest manner and has succeeded in winning the following souls to Him: Mr. Wm. Burton, Mrs. George Moore, Miss Annie Wray, Rosa Wilson, Annie Dunn, Foxie Pennington, Marie Warren and Jennie Warren. Six who confessed at the Baptist Church have joined during the meeting.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—First-class Uley hay press for sale, John Bright, Stanford.

—B. F. Coomer sold to Ware & Robinson a 1000 lb. cow at 3¢ cents.

—The Grange is not dead yet in Pennsylvania. The Secretary reports over 20,000 members.

—John Wright sold to Wakefield & Farria 15 1/2 year-old scrub steers, 883 pounds weight, at 4 cents.

—Madison county has shipped 10,000 hogs to market this season, which brought her the handsome sum of \$150,000.

—C. R. G. Bibb bought of J. B. Owsley a pair of mules for \$275, one of Reuben Williams for \$125 and 10 hogs of Mr. Jones at 6 cents.

—The farm of the late J. G. Owsley, in Boyle, 2 1/2 miles from Danville, sold yesterday at \$49 per acre, and 10 shares of Central National Bank stock of Danville sold at \$183 per share.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Near McCormack's Church.

—James Carter, Jr., and Mrs. Walker Rount are both quite sick with pneumonia.

—Our visit to the printing office on Saturday was very much enjoyed, thanks to the editor and — and — and —

—Our thanks are due Arthur C. Hill for the nice "goodies" he brought us of his birthday dinner. That boy will be President yet.

—Ask Mr. A. G. Coffey about his "smashed" hand and then run. Miss Lizzie E. Carter, of Richmond College, will spend the holidays with her parents.

—Mr. Weed Smith was married to Miss Bettie M. Peyton on the 14th. Only the relatives and a few intimate friends were present. We wish them a safe voyage over the turbulent stream of matrimony. A handsome Turnersville belle is to be married shortly.

—The school of your correspondent, at Coffey's, closed on the 15th after a pleasant and, we hope, profitable session. We desire to return our thanks to Mr. A. G. Coffey and wife, who were so kind to us during the term. They and their sweet daughter, Mary, will ever be remembered with kindness and gratitude.

—Died, on the morning of the 16th, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Mike Cloyd, Preston Cash, aged nearly 17 years. A kind, loving brother; a true, zealous, devoted Christian has gone to his reward. It is with sincere grief that we give him up; and our deepest sympathy is with his devoted sisters, who in less than one year have had three of their number removed by the icy hand of death. It seems hard, yet God knows best.

MADISON COUNTY.

Kirkville.

—Some of our neighbors have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the recent cold weather to secure a supply of ice.

—The Sunday-School, under the Superintendence of Eld. D. B. Willis, assisted by an efficient corps of teachers, is in a very flourishing condition. It is regarded as one of the best managed and attended institutions of the kind in the State.

—Messrs. James M. Smith and Thomas Finnell and Dr. H. K. Middleton have been appointed appraisers of the estate of Dr. M. Farris, decd. Dr. F. held a policy in the Madison Mutual Life Insurance Co., upon

which his widow and children will receive about \$2,000.

—The hogs have about all been shipped from this county. The Silver Creek Distillery Co. has fixed the price of corn at \$2 delivered. Mr. J. H. Kennedy has received two car-loads of coal from the Peacock Mines in Laurel. He is aiming to establish a coal supply depot in this village.

—Mr. Josiah P. Simmons, Jr., who has been largely engaged in shipping hogs to Louisville for several weeks, is again at home. He and his partner, W. T. Tevis, of Richmond, have marketed about \$50,000 worth of swine this season. The tobacco growers of this and Garrard counties have commenced shipping their crops to Louisville. We noticed quite a number of hogheads pass through this place this week, besides a good deal in the hand going to Lancaster.

—There will be quite an exodus from our village during the Christmas holidays. Prof. Renfro goes to visit his relatives near Glasgow Junction. Johnny Green will spend the holidays at his home in Stanford. Bowen and Anderson Jones, at East Hickman in Jessamine. Sam Wilhite goes to Monticello. In short, all the boys from a distance, now attending Elliott Institute, will visit their homes Christmas week. Miss Willie Barbee, our charming brunette music teacher, will enliven the Queen City society during the holiday vacation. Mrs. Rosa Jones will visit relatives in Owensboro next week. Misses Jennie and Josie Kennedy have both been under medical treatment within the past few days. Miss Ida Willis is still confined to her room, but is slowly convalescing. Mr. Seth Paris has had a severe attack of asthma, but is able to attend to business again.

"PRAISE THE LORD."

123, 125 William St., NEW YORK CITY, December 15th, 1882.

Dear Interior:

We faced our first New York audience to-night in Clarendon Hall—13th St., near 4th Ave. There were about 75 to 100 persons present, who listened with close attention. We are quite encouraged to go on. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." We came to the city quite unheralded. Last Sunday night I preached for Bro. A. B. Simpson, formerly of Louisville, and this meeting at Clarendon Hall grew out of that sermon. Several wished to hear more, and the way opened. The Hall holds about 800 and is a neat, cheerful, well lighted and warmed. Reports from the Sun and World were present, but of course we can not tell yet what notice, if any, the papers will take of us.

Georgia made her debut as one of the troupe to-night, greatly to our joy and her own, after she found how easy it was to serve the LORD. She sings a very nice alto to Marie's soprano, all by ear of course, as neither of the dear children know a note. She promises to be quite an acquisition. She has been consecrated to this service for quite a while, but sang in public for the first time to-night. It is a little odd, that with her great timidity, she should begin on a New York audience, but the LORD gives needed grace always.

You can not imagine how glad we are to get to preaching and singing again. Just think of 9 days without it, except the one service Sunday night. It seems a little age of inactivity. And yet we have been very busy. The enclosed Circular, with the correspondence involved in getting every thing off in due time, the printing, the picture pasting on mementos, and so on and so forth, ate up the time so rapidly that we found very little time for any thing else besides this particular business. May the LORD send blessing with it all. It is a "labor of love."

All well and happy in the LORD; trusting for daily bread and getting it of course. How could it be otherwise with our Father, knowing our wants. At present we are in the 4th story of a tenement house of the better class, all in the same room, warmed with a grate and lighted with gas. We get our coal in by the bag and keep it in a box in the closet. We take our meals at a house across the street. We are almost jolly in this getting back to our "higgly piglety," free and easy life that we were so familiar with when in the mountains. The name of "Mountain Evangelist" is the proudest title I can wear, and it is the one the papers uniformly give me. I shall carry it gladly through life. Here is our hand-bill:

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE. The only remedy for the world's unrest; the only antidote for its every "pain."

GEO. O. BARNES, "Mountain Evangelist," and Daughter, Marie at Clarendon Hall, 13th Street, near 4th Avenue, Every Evening during the week, at 7:30 o'clock. Also SUNDAY MORNING Services, 10:30 o'clock.

As soon as the way is clear we expect to begin afternoon services. We trust the LORD has "much people in this city" for us to teach with LOVE'S gospel. Pray for us. Ever in Jesus. GEO. O. BARNES.

(The above letter, together with the circular referred to, came on a late mail yesterday evening, and owing to the length of the letter, we are unable to get it in this issue. It sets forth that hereafter Mr. Barnes and Miss Marie will work independently of all church organizations and pastures. People will go to halls and other public places who will not go to churches, and to reach the masses he will use these in the future. They however cost money and so does the proper advertising, and to enable him to do this he calls on his friends and others for "money money." He would like to have \$10,000 at once. There are many here who owe all the hope of heaven they have to two good people and they are able to contribute liberally. Will they do it?—Ed.)

—Mrs. Margaret McPherson was born June 20th, 1799, was married to William McPherson, May 1828, and died Dec. 15, 1882. She had lived in the same house for 50 years. She joined the Christian Church in 1842, and during her long life was always a consistent and earnest Christian. There was no children as a result of her marriage; so she was more able to perform what was her chief delight, ministering to the wants of the sick and afflicted. She was in fact a friend to the poor and no one was allowed to leave her house without a substantial evidence of the same.

OBITUARY.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles. It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Free of Charge.

All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of King's New Discovery for Consumption, free of charge, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar-size bottle will do. Call early.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice to Stockholders! Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Farmers National Bank of Stanford will be held at the office of said bank on

The 2d Tuesday in Jan., 1883.

For the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

J. H. OWSELEY, Cashier.

104-10

TO THE JUSTICES.

On petition of many citizens, I hereby request the Justices of the county to meet me at 1 P. M.

MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1883.

County Court day, to consider the question of making an appropriation for the purchase of

Right of Way and Depot Grounds for the Proposed Railroad.

To be built from Stanford to Nicholasville. A prompt and full attendance is desired.

E. W. BROWN, County Judge of Lincoln

105-4

Sale of Personalty.

Having sold my farm, I will offer for sale on the same premises, on the pike between Hustonville and McKinney,

ON TUESDAY, DEC. 26, 1882.

The following personal property: Three good work Mules, several head of Horses, including colts and work animals, Cows and Calves, a number of Shotes, a lot of Corn, Wheat, Hay and Fodder, Farming Implements, Kitchen Furniture and a part of my House Furniture. I will also sell a number of Shares of Turnpike Stock, a lot of Canary Birds, good singers and a large assortment of Flowers. Terms given on day of sale.

DR. CLIFTON FOWLER, 105-21

H. T. BROS. Auctioneer. 105-21

CHRISTMAS!

AT PLEASANT VALLEY!

M. J. COOK

Is now receiving a new, large and splendid stock of goods of every variety. Here are some specialties: Boys' Clothing for any sized child; Ladies' Cloaks of elegant pattern; Boots and shoes at reduced prices; a good whole leather Boot at \$2; Prints, from 4¢ to 6¢ per yard; Overcoats, nice line, all wool, low prices; the Trion Sheet at 7¢ per yard; Hats and Caps, Ladies' Hats; Coffee from 8¢ to 12¢ per pound; Toys, Dolls, Fireworks, Candies, Nuts and a general variety of Xmas Goods. In short, you can get any thing you want and at prices astonishingly low. The public are invited to call.

PETER HAMTON, Dealer in

Saddles, Saddlery.

HARNESS!

Everything kept in the Horse Millinery Line.

Stanford, Ky.

Presents the compliments of the season to his patrons and the public, and begs leave to inform them that he has just replenished his stock, and can fill an order for any thing in his line from a buggy whip to a \$75 saddle. He also Repairs Harness and Prepared to make Boots, Shoes

To order, on short notice.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG

Holiday Goods,
Holiday Christmas
Gifts for Old & Young,
Beautiful Line of Sil-

verware, Jewelry,
Watches and Clocks, Fine Toilet
Sets and Flower Vases.

Our Holiday Books were never
Prettier or more Choice;

Box Paper, Writing Paper, Writing
Desks and Fancy Ink. A large stock
of Fine Fancy Candies, Toys and Fire
works of every description.

HEADQUARTERS
—AT—
M'ALISTER
—AND—
BRIGHT'S

For Cheap TOYS of all kinds, including Velocipedes, Rocking Horses, Express Wagons, &c.

A Large Stock of Confectioneries, Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Nuts.

GREAT CLOSING OUT
SALE.

PETER HAMTON,
Saddles, Saddlery,
HARNESS!

Everything kept in the Horse Millinery Line.

Stanford, Ky.

Presents the compliments of the season to his patrons and the public, and begs leave to inform them that he has just replenished his stock, and can fill an order for any thing in his line from a buggy whip to a \$75 saddle. He also Repairs Harness and Prepared to make Boots, Shoes

To order, on short notice.

CHENAULT,
SEVERANCE & CO
STANFORD, KY.,

Desire to close out their
entire stock of goods
AT ONCE!

And propose to do so AT
COST and in many cases
less than cost.

We have \$15,000 worth of new
and desirable Fall and Winter
Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., to sell in this way. Remember

This is not the tail-end of a stock of goods that we are closing out, but the Largest and most desirable stock of goods in Stanford. Purchasers will effect a large saving on everything they buy. We will make no new accounts, except to our regular customers, who will pay promptly the 1st of January, or when called upon.

December 19, 1882.

JUST RECEIVED

Nice lot of Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs, Dates, Oranges, Lemons, Mince Meat, Hominy, Rice, Buckwheat Flour, New Process Flour, Meal, O

A MINISTER'S FLIRTATION.

I was engaged to Angelina Melville, and I thought myself the luckiest man living. Angelina was so handsome that no stranger ever saw her without expressing admiration, and one did not weary of the face after years of familiarity with it. She was well bred, accomplished and a great heiress. I had reason to believe that she was very fond of me. No man could be more entirely content than I was as I leaned back in the first-class carriage which took me from Glasgow into the country to the Vale of Cruix, where I was to preach a few Sabbaths.

The pulpit was vacant, and I was going to try my wings. With my pecuniary prospects, I scarcely thought I should care to accept a call to the Vale of Cruix, but I had no objections to filling its pulpit for a few weeks, especially as Angelina had gone to the west coast, and Glasgow was warm and stuffy and stupid.

Casual remembrances of elegant parsonages built in Queen Anne's time; of a study where the footfalls were softened by Persian rugs and the doors draped with portiers of velvet; chairs and a desk carved richly as some old confessional, flitted through my mind. And I thought also of a table spread with silver and rare china, with a lady at its head who resembled a Queen. And I breathed a luxurious sigh as I awakened from my day dream to a knowledge that the words "Vale of Cruix" were being shouted on the platform, and that the train was coming to a standstill.

I seized my traveling bag from the rack overhead and hurried out of the carriage. The porters had just pulled four or five trunks on the platform. Two old wagons stood in the road, one driven by an old woman in a sun bonnet, the other by a red haired boy, with bare feet; and a queer, knock-kneed horse, attached to a queer old gig, was standing at a little distance. A young man in a light Summer suit, and a city family, bent on rural happiness, were my companions on the platform.

The former put his trunk into the first wagon, kissed the old woman in the sun bonnet, took the reins and drove away. He was evidently the son of the family come home to spend his vacation. The rest of the trunks, and the city family, mother, father, little boy, nursemaid and baby, were put into the wagon driven by the boy. When the train moved away I was left alone on the platform—alone but for the station master, who sat upon a bench smoking a clay pipe.

In a moment more that official, without looking at me, made the remark: "Deacon Stevenson has come for the new minister. He's over in the hotel and will be back in a minute."

"Thank you," said I. The station master took no notice of me, but having climbed upon a stool and made some changes in a time register on the wall of the station, looked the door, put the key in his pocket and sauntered away down the railroad.

I took his place upon the bench and waited. In a few minutes a prim little old gentleman appeared upon the top of the hill, carrying in one hand a tin can, in the other a tin pail and under either arm a brown paper parcel. I knew at a glance that it was Mr. Stevenson.

"Are you Mr. Mactaggert?" he inquired mildly, as he approached. "I want to know! I hadn't any expectation of being kept so long, but you see it saves the women folks trouble to fetch things over when I drive down. I'll just hang this can of paraffine oil on behind. Some folks dislike the smell—maybe you do? The sugar loaf tea and coffee can go under the seat just as well as not. How's your health, sir, and how do you like Vale of Cruix?"

I answered that my health was good, and that I had not, as yet, seen much of Vale of Cruix.

"No, you haven't," said the old gentleman. "Well, you'll drive through it now." And he shook the reins, and the old horse began to stumble along. And on we drove past certain rows of brick houses, very much like each other, and with the same flowers in their front gardens, until, having passed the church, we came to one happily set about by old oak trees, before the gate of which he drew up.

A girl stood at the gate—a fair girl in a blue muslin dress and apron. "Take the sugar, Mary, before it gets upset," said the deacon. "This is Mr. Mactaggert, that's to preach for us. Mr. Mactaggert, this is my daughter Mary."

We bowed and she vanished with the parcels. "What a lovely little creature!" said I to myself. "Nothing like An-

gelina, but so pretty!" And I found myself thinking of her as I washed my hands and hair in the blue-walled bed room on the second floor, with white fringed counterpanes and curtains and piece, on either side of the china vases of roses.

There were only four of us at the table—the deacon, his wife, a stout lady who never said more than she could help, and Mary. She had spent the last winter in Glasgow, and we talked about all she had seen. She was self-possessed without being forward, and oh, so pretty! Now, Angelina was splendid and queenly, so this was mild praise that she could not have objected to, only I said it very often. I preached on the next Sunday. It was settled that I could spend the Summer there. I wrote this to Angelina:

"Since you cannot be with me it does not matter where I am—this stupid place as well as any other. Address to the care of Deacon Stevenson. I shall remain with him while I preach here."

It was a pleasant Summer, despite the dullness of the place. How good the quaint old deacon was when one really knew him! How motherly was Mrs. Stevenson! As for Mary, she grew sweeter every day! I often wondered what Angelina would have said could she have seen me helping her to pick blackberries, to find the runaway cow, to carry home the milk pail, driving her over to the country grocery and returning with a freight of groceries—Angelina, who knew nothing of domestic details, and whose monogrammed and perfumed notes were brought to me from the office in company with the paraffine can. I wrote my sermons at one end of the round, table while Mary sat at the other sewing. Now and then a big bug would fly into the window and go humming about our heads, or a moth would try to singe its wings over the chimney, and I would drive it out. The old people would go to bed after a while, and then Mary and I would find ourselves hungry and she would go into the kitchen to find "something good." I always held the light for her. When something good was found we ate it in the back porch, sitting side by side on the step, like two children.

She was so like a child, that little Mary, that it seemed no harm to ask her to kiss me good night, or to hold her hand in mine, as it rested on my arm, in our long walks home from church on Sunday evenings.

The Summer passed; October came. Angelina returned to the city and wrote to me. It was while we were eating peaches and cream on the back porch that evening that I said to Mary, "I will tell you a secret, if you will keep it for a while, Mary."

"Oh, of course, I will, Mr. Mactaggert."

"I am going to be married this autumn, Mary," I said. These pretty letters you always thought came from my sister are from the lady who is to marry me. She is very beautiful, very rich, very stylish, but very kind. You must come and see us Mary, when we are married. I shall tell Angelina how good you have been to me—what a sweet little sister I found out here in Vale of Cruix. Why, Mary—"

"For, as I spoke, I felt the little hand I held grow cold and heavy in mine. I saw her sink backward. The big china bowl of peaches and cream slipped with a crash on the ground and shattered to pieces."

I caught the poor child in my arms. In a moment she came to herself, and said she had overheard herself, she thought. They had been baking all day, and it was warm. And now she bade me good night. But I did not see her next day, nor the next. She kept her room, and was not well enough to bid me good by.

Poor little Mary! I felt very miserable. However, Angelina met me in Glasgow. She was more beautiful than ever—more elegant in contrast to my simple country friend—and very soon I laughed at myself for the thought that had been in my heart. Of course, I said that it was the baking that had overcome Mary—it was my new news. I had only been to her as a friend—as a brother. I had not made love to her; above all, I had not flirted with her. But I thought of Mary a great deal, and I missed her exactly every hour—oh, yes, exactly—as I might a sister.

I wrote to Mrs. Stevenson, and her answer was very brief. "I haven't much time to write," she said in her postscript. "Mary is sick, and besides being driven I'm anxious."

This letter was in my pocket on that day when Angelina and I went together to the bazaar for the benefit of the church of St. Matthew.

After we had roamed about the bazaar and bought all sorts of knick-knacks, I escorted Angelina to a seat and there sat down to wait while one of the ladies, who, "on this occasion

only,' was doing good, generous hard work, brought us a tray of refreshments.

As we sat there sipping our coffee, two women sat down at the next table, with their backs toward us.

"I am very tired; are not you, Mrs. Russell?" And the other answered: "Yes, I am tired. I don't think that it is worth while to come all the way from Glasgow sight seeing."

This was the voice of Stevenson's nearest neighbor, and I liked her and respected her, yet did not feel quite sure how Angelina would like an introduction, and so refrained from looking round and making myself known.

"I'd think we'd better have tea," said the first voice. "It's more refreshing than coffee. Oh, how is Mary to day? Think of my never asking before!"

"Mary is poorly," said Mrs. Russell. "Oh, Mrs. Cullen, what a pity it is that flirting young minister came down to Vale of Cruix. I don't know what Mrs. Stevenson was about to let him do as he did. We all thought he was courting Mary. She did, poor child. She loved him dearly, and the day before he went away he told her he was engaged to some girl in Glasgow. I'm afraid its broken her heart. She told me all about it. 'Oh, Aunt Russell,' she said, 'I know I ought to be ashamed, but I can't help it. He seemed to like me so. I hope I shall die of this fever, for life is nothing to me.' Ashamed! Why, it's he that ought to be ashamed. Of all things, a minister to be a cold, cruel, flirt! And that is what Hugh Mactaggert is!"

I listened, but I could not move or speak. I felt as though my heart was breaking; and oh, the shame I suffered! The women drank their tea and left, and then Angelina turned to me with a cold, sarcastic smile.

"I see by your face that that little story is perfectly true, Mr. Mactaggert," she said.

"Angelina," I faltered, "I have done nothing that should give offense to you."

"Nothing but to love another woman," she answered. "Love her and let her see it, meaning to marry me. Don't think that I am hurt; indeed I am relieved. I should have kept my word to you but for this, but so glad as I once should. You are a very good-looking man, but on the whole you don't suit me. I met Mr. S. at Millport, and he does. Frankly, I have been thinking what a pity it was that I must decline his offer. As for this—Mary, is not?—wouldn't she make a very good minister's wife?"

It came to my mind that she would—that she was the only wife for me; that Angelina—splendid as she was—would never have made me happy. But I only said: "Miss Melville, if you desire to have your freedom, I have no choice."

"I desire it greatly," she answered. "It is yours," I said with a bow. After that I think we were both happier than we had been for days, and shaking hands we parted.

That night I went up to the Vale of Cruix, and I told Mary that my marriage was broken off and that she was the only woman I had ever loved. She tried to summon up her pride and refuse me, but failed in the attempt, and let me take her to my heart.

To-day I am pastor of the church at the Vale of Cruix; Mary is my wife, and we are as plain and quiet a pair as you could fancy. I often help my wife pick currants for tea, and have taken a turn at the garden when help is scarce. But I do not envy Mr. S. for his wife, nor pine for the luxurious possibilities that I lost with Angelina. Mary and my little home content me.

Stage Lovers.

The affection between stage lovers is often so well acted that no one suspects the real feeling which exists between them. A writer in the New Orleans Democrat says that he knew of two actors of the opposite sex who positively disliked each other, but were forced by their parts into the most devoted tenderness of conduct. One night as he was playing at love she was to rush into his arms; being a true artist, she did her work with energy, and between speeches he muttered: "You need not swallow me." She replied: "You are too bitter a dose." While holding her in fond embrace, wrapped in delicious transport, he growled in a whisper: "Don't lean so hard against a man." With her head in tender repose upon his breast, she retorted: "You are paid for holding me, and I intend that you shall earn your salary." They never made up and never married. She married another actor, and clings still to the dislike for the man with whom she plays.

A church in Bavaria accommodating 1,000 people has been built almost entirely of papier-mache, which can be supplied at a cost little above that of plaster. It can be made to imitate the finest marble, and takes a polish superior to slate.

Laughing and Crying.

The approach of age shows itself about the eyes. Lines come, faintly at first, then deeper and deeper, until the incipient crow's feet are indicated, developed, revealed. The woman who, looking in her glass, perceives these fatal lines diverging from the outer corner of her eyes, knows that she has reached an era in her life. She recognizes it with a sigh, if she be a vain, a lovely or a worldly woman; with a smile, perhaps, if she has children in whom she can live her own youth over again. But it can never be a gay smile. None of us, men or women, like to feel youth—that precious possession—slipping away from us. But we should never be on the lookout for crow's feet or gray hairs. Looking for them is sure to bring them, for thinking about them brings them. Tears form a part of the language of the eye, which is eloquent enough when sparingly used, and which should be sparingly used for other reasons than that of adding to their mute eloquence. Tears are a disfiguring expression of emotion, and those who get into the habit of weeping over very small vexations do much towards acquiring a care-worn, miserable expression, and are sure to look old before their time. Excessive weeping has been known not only to injure but actually destroy the sight. Few women look pretty, or even interesting, in tears, though it has long been a pleasant fiction in poetry and romance to suppose that they do. Many women, some men and most children make most disfiguring and distorted grimaces while crying; and the lady who thinks she can work upon a man's feelings by a liberal display of tears should carefully study a becoming mode of producing them before her looking glass. Grimaces soften no hearts, and tears accompanied by the usual distortion have a hardening effect, if not a visible one. In a pretty written book, now probably out of print, purporting to be the story of the life of one of Milton's wives, the author makes that poet say of his wife's eyes after crying that they resembled "the sun's clear shining after rain"—a very pretty natural object indeed, but during the rain itself the observer is not inclined to be so complimentary. Grimaces of a somewhat similar order are frequently made during the action of laughter. Care should always be taken with children to prevent their falling into this habit. It frequently reaches such a pitch as to render the laughter positively unsightly. The face is distorted and out of drawing, the eyes disappear and the lips are drawn up, revealing half an inch of pale pink gum. This peculiarity sometimes runs in families, partly from unconscious imitation. I know one family whose grimaces during laughter are most ludicrously alike. When they are all assembled at the dinner table and a joke goes round there is not a single eye left in the family. Much, if not all, of this could be prevented by due care in childhood. The laugh can be cultivated quite as much as the voice. Actresses take lessons in laughing, with occasionally very charming results. I do not, however, advise that such teaching should begin in early childhood, lest it might destroy spontaneity and produce an effect of artificiality; but I very strongly recommend mothers to check a disposition to make grimaces during their children's indulgence of mirth.—[Whitehall Review.]

NONE WHATEVER.—We can see to-day no hope for the republican party not based on democratic blunders. Its plight is even worse than it seems to be. Neither the stalwarts nor the half-breeds have anything to offer which will command attention and union. The only hope is the independent wing, almost without organization, which demands administrative and revenue reform while holding fast to all that is good in the republican policy. The stalwarts and half-breeds must come to their terms or defeat is almost certain in 1884. Will they do it?—[Boston Herald, rep.]

A GARGLE IN DIPHTHERIA.—In houses where diphtheria is or has been the family should gargle throats with alcohol on the first indication of soreness or cough. The alcohol will destroy the membranous fungus speedily. A successful down town physician says that "where this treatment has had an early chance he knows of no case terminating fatally."—[Philadelphia Times.]

It is claimed that a full feed of hay to horses, following the feed of concentrated food, is wasteful, for the reason that it crowds the first out of the stomach before proper digestion has been accomplished. And so, in order to secure best results, hay should be fed at first and the concentrated food afterwards.

A Vermont debating society will tackle the question: "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle or a woman try to drive a nail?"

GO EAST! GO WEST! GO NORTH!

VIA LOUISVILLE

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

3—DAILY TRAINS—3

Louisville to Cincinnati!

THE EAST AND NORTH.

Free Parlor Cars and New Day Coaches Without Change.

4—DAILY TRAINS—4

Louisville to St. Louis

AND THE WEST.

Sleeping Cars and Day Coaches to St. Louis Without Change.

2—DAILY TRAINS—2

Louisville to Indianapolis, Chicago,

AND THE NORTH.

Day Coaches and Reclining Chair Cars Through Without Change.

For Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

This is the Very Best Route, as You Have No Change of Train.

Have Through Day Coaches on All Trains!

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Arrive at St. Louis 2 Hours in Advance of Other Lines, thereby securing more time to make change of cars and getting first choice of seats in cars of connecting lines.

To Indianapolis and Chicago, and the only line giving its patrons a 12-mile ride along the shores of Lake Michigan.

For Tickets, Rates, Time, Maps, etc., apply to the Ticket Agent of Connecting Lines, or to

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KENTUCKY CENTRAL R. R.

—BY PAR—

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO—

CINCINNATI!

And decidedly the Popular Route, affording, as it does, less changes and superior accommodations to Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Texas,

The North, Northwest and West. In fact, if you come upstate a trip in any direction, your interest will be preserved by purchasing your tickets via K. C. and Cincinnati. 2 Trains each way; Pullman Palace Cars, Elegant New Day Coaches, and handsomely furnished Reclining Chair Cars form the unequalled equipment of this Old Reliable, thereby making a trip over this line one of luxurious comfort and pleasure. TRY IT.

TIME TABLE, IN EFFECT OCT. 15, 1882.

	SOUTH.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.
Lvs. Covington	8:00 a.m.	2:30 p.m.	9:00 p.m.	
Lvs. Fulton	8:40 a.m.	3:10 p.m.	9:40 p.m.	
Lvs. Cincinnati	10:00 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	10:50 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	11:30 a.m.	6:30 p.m.	12:20 p.m.	
Lvs. Winchester	12:20 p.m.	7:20 p.m.	1:10 p.m.	
Lvs. Mt. Sterling	1:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.	2:20 p.m.	
Lvs. Ashland	2:30 p.m.	9:30 p.m.	3:20 p.m.	
Lvs. Huntington	3:40 p.m.	10:40 p.m.	4:30 p.m.	

MAYSVILLE DIVISION.

No. 1 Lvs. Lexington 6 p.m. Arr. Mayville 10 p.m.
No. 2 Lvs. Mayville 9 a.m. Arr. Lexington 11 a.m.
No. 3 Lvs. Lexington 6 p.m. Arr. Mayville 10 p.m.
No. 4 Lvs. Mayville 9 a.m. Arr. Lexington 11 a.m.

No. 5 runs daily, and has day coaches from Cincinnati to Lexington, Pullman sleepers to Kansas City, Pa. Va. and Lexington. Stops only at stations on K. C. R. R. where time is given. No. 2 runs daily, except Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Has through coaches to Lexington, and has through coaches from Lexington to Cincinnati. Stops only at Lexington, and has through coaches from Lexington to Cincinnati. Stops only at Lexington, and has through coaches from Lexington to Cincinnati.

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THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell!
Thy mellow tone I love to hear,
I was a boy when first they fell
In melody upon my ear;
In those dear days long past and gone
When sporting here in boyish glee,
The angel of thy Sabbath tone,
Awake emotions deep in me.

Long years have gone, and I have strayed
Out over the world, far, far away,
But thy dear tones have round me played
On every lovely Sabbath day.
When strolling o'er the mighty West,
Spread widely in the unpopulated West,
Each Sabbath morn' I've heard thy strains
Telling the welcome day of rest.

Upon the Rocky mountain's crest,
Where Christian feet have never trod,
In the deep bosom of the West,
I've thought of thee and worshiped God!
Ring on, sweet bell! I've come again
To hear thy cherished call to prayer,
Thou' the loss of pleasure now thou pain
In those dear tones which fill my ear.

CHRISTMAS CHAT.

—As the Christmas tree is bent so is the youthful heart made glad.

—He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," was the great founder of the gladdest feast of Christmas, and it is in His honor that we uphold the feast and gladden the hearts of the little ones He loved so dearly. It is a pleasure, a holy pleasure, to make their smiles brighter, their laughter cheerier and more musical. Let us all, then, properly celebrate Christmas Day.

—Happy, happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailors and travelers thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!

—Now comes Christmas to remind us we may make our lives sublime and departing, leave behind scores of slippers, numbered "nine."—[Stillwater Lumberman. Slippers that perhaps another who shall in your footsteps tread—a preferred and bigger brother—may wish they were "tens" instead.]—[Rome Sentinel. Slippers that perhaps a mother, striving hard to make ends meet, will use upon your wild young brother, because he won't keep off the street.

—Christmas falls on Monday this year, and severe storms are predicted. The storm will likely break when the youngsters wake up and find their stockings filled with chunks of coal.

—The morning dawns, and the household is awakened by the sound of drum and fife. But it is not war. It is not the summons to go out and slaughter the Zulus. Nay, brethren, it is Christmas.—[New York Express.

BLACKSTONE.—Mr. Blackstone was a man who flourished several years ago and wrote a little work on English law and primogeniture, salvage, replevin, plea in abatement, ouster, onus probandi, oyer and terminer, and other evils of his time. He would go out and weed onions an hour or two and then come in and swear a few lines, after which he would dish off a poem on habes corpus, the non-suit, misjoinder, chattel mortgage, mayhem, misfeasance or other beauties of nature. He was at home while dealing with messages, messeu process, torts mandamus and high certiorari. Blackstone has been more largely quoted perhaps than any other humorist in the English language. His favorite joke was called the rule in Shelley's case, and he loved to monkey with the *lex non scripta* and assumptit. Blackstone is now dead. His parents also are dead. They were out down in their youth.—[Boomerang.

Justice: "Mr. Snickleftz, you will please come forward and be sworn." Mr. Snickleftz (who is an ex-justice himself and is up to "emuff"): "Chudge, I like not dot."

"Justice: "Why what's the matter? You and Mr. Barstow, who will be here to testify directly, were the only persons who saw the assault, and we are depending on your evidence."

Mr. Snickleftz: "Chudge, I w'd like dot Parstow to testify first."

Justice: "Why do you wish him to testify first, Mr. Snickleftz?"

Mr. Snickleftz: "Pecause, Chudge, dot Parstow is a rascal, and if he testify after me, he w'd make me out a liar."

Gilbert Watton Patrick, the oldest jockey in the world, was buried in New York city, Saturday. He was in good health up to less than two weeks ago. He caught cold at Jerome Park, and died of pneumonia. He rode at least 2,000 horses in over 5,000 races, winning about 4,000. In purses, stakes and matches he won for owners upwards of \$2,000,000, not losing over \$200,000, and yet died very poor.

Bill Nye's Engagement Broken. "I have just received a letter from my friend, Bill Nye, of the Laramie City Boomerang, wherein he informs me that he is engaged to the beautiful and accomplished Lydia E. Pinkham, of 'Vegetable Compound' fame, and that the wedding will take place on next Christmas. To be sure, I am expected at the wedding, and I'll be on hand if I can secure a clean shirt by that time and the roads ain't too bad. But I am somewhat at a loss what to get as a suitable present, as Bill informs me in a postscript to his letter that gifts of Bibles, albums, nickel-plated pickle dishes, chromos with frames and the like will not be in order, as it is utterly impossible to pawn articles of this kind in Laramie City."—[The Bohemian.

We are sorry that the above letter, which we dashed off in a careless moment, has been placed before the public, as later developments have entirely changed the aspect of the matter, the engagement between ourself and Lydia having been rudely broken by the young lady herself. She has returned the solitaire filled ring, and henceforth we can be nothing more to each other than friends. The promise which bade fair to yield so much joy in the future has been ruthlessly yanked asunder, and two young hearts must bleed through the coming years. Far be it from us to say aught that would reflect upon the record of Miss Pinkham. It would only imperil her chances in the future, and deny her the satisfaction of gathering in another guileless sucker like us. The truth, however, cannot be evaded that Lydia is no longer young. She is now in the serene and yellow leaf. The gurgle of girlhood and the romping, careless grace of her childhood are matters of ancient history alone. We might go on and tell how one thing brought on another till the quarrel occurred, and hot words and an assault and battery led to this estrangement, but we will not do it. It would be wrong for a great, strong man to take advantage of his strength and the public press to speak disparagingly of a young thing like Lyd. No matter how unreasonably she may have treated us, we are dumb and silent on this point. Journalists who have been invited and have purchased costly wedding presents may ship them by express prepaid, and we will accept them, and struggle along with our first great heart trouble while Lydia goes on in her mad career.—[Bill Nye.

A NEW PATENT PAINT.—A party of gentlemen recently made a trip on the Southeastern Railway, in England, with the object of testing the luminosity of a railway car, a portion of the interior of which had been coated with Balmain's patent paint. The weather being dull, the zinc plates which had received three coats of the paint specially hardened, were less sensitive than would have been the case had sunshine struck directly upon them; but, notwithstanding, on entering Blackheath tunnel an agreeable equality of light came from the ceiling of the compartment and the two ends, the advertisements on which were seen clearly. The hands of a watch were also easily discerned and the headings of newspaper articles read. Containing no phosphorus, the paint was without smell.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, being requested to enforce the Sunday law of that city, replied that he would not undertake any such thing. "I believe in Sunday as a day of rest," he said, "but what is rest to one man may be labor to another. Rest is not simply doing nothing, but is a change. A man sitting at a desk all week, occupied with mental labor, finds no refreshment in a stiff-back bench in a church on Sunday. The Sunday of the Puritan fathers was beneficial to them because they spent the week in outdoor labor, but men of sedentary habits need to reverse the usage. Any attempt to compel the people of Chicago to be pious will fail, and it ought to."

A MOUSE'S NEST IN A HORSE'S HOOF.—A staid old family nag belonging to Wm. Jorres was brought to the shop to be reshod. The hoofs had grown very long, leaving hollow grooves beneath their outer rims. On cutting away this shell to make a foundation for the shoe a hole was noticed underneath and the attention of Mr. Koster was called to it. He investigated, and found six young, living mice closely nestled within the hollow disk.—[San Diego Sun.

Maurice Bergen, of Monroe, La., felt a premonition that his death was near. He spoke to a friend, declaring that he would be dead before December 5th. He was laughed at, but his response was an offer to bet a \$75 suit of clothes—as he was a tailor—against a coffin of equal value. The wager was made, and Bergen won. The loser provided a handsome burial casket, according to agreement.

The Tricks of the Cotton Business.

"How do you think de cotton piness will come out dis year, Mieser Hofenstein?" said Herman, as he dusted off a shoe box and arranged an overcoat on a pile of clothing.

"Vell, dot vas a piness," replied Hoffenstein, "vat I don't like to exbress myself about, und ven efer dink of de money vat I advanced, und vat I nefer get any more, I gets so mad dot I feels dot I vill die right away mit de aboblexy."

"Who vas it avindled you, Mr. Hoffenstein?"

"It vas a nigger, Herman, und his name vas Isam. My gr-r-acious, efer von says he vas de best nigger in de whole country around, und I advanced him clothing, shoes, brovians und a dollar und a half musket for vich I charged him only nine dollars, und he vas to let me puy all de cotton vat he makes. Von day I dell him if he gets de first cotton of de season in he vill get a bremium on it, und he says he vill haf dree bales a week before any von else. Vell, it vas not long ven von day Isam, mit a vagon und a couple of mules, brings dree bales up cotton to my adore, de first of de year. A couple of de bales veighed eight hundred und de oder veighed nine hundred. I knew de cotton vould bring twenty cents a bound, so I gif Isam den cents for it, und shut as soon as I puy it Levi Cohen offers me fifteen cents, but I only vinks at him und ask him if he dinks I vas more greener as a grasshopper. My gr-r-acious, Herman, vot you dink, after I shipped de cotton I found out dare vas a couple of old cooking stoves in von bale, und adoud seex hundred bounds of an old vorn und saw mill in de oder, und Isam vas in Arkansas, de tief. Ven de beople found out dey all laughed und said it vas a shoke, und I got so mad dot I didn't sell dot cotton to Levi Cohen for fifteen cents, dot I vas in bed a week mid de rhumadism. Herman, I don't vant noding more to do mit de cotton piness."

Christine Nilsson told a Chicago Tribune reporter that Oscar Wilde ought to have been taken by the ear, on his arrival in this country, and led to the first outward-bound steamer. "I think that your people are too good natured," she said, "or they would never have borne with him. I know that I could not put up with his nonsense. He does not appear in Europe dressed as he does here. That would not be tolerated there. I met him in London once, and he commenced to talk to me in his peculiar way. I said to him: 'Look here, Mr. Wilde, I won't put up with such stuff. This rhetoric of yours is all a humbug.' He replied: 'Thank you; you are the first sensible woman I have met.'"

There is a story of an imperial highness waltzing thrice in the same evening with an English lady at the court in Berlin. She naturally felt, and frankly confessed herself highly flattered by the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady somewhat upset, "your highness must be fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the still unsatisfactory response. Undeterred by her ill success, our fair Englishwoman still prosecuted her inquiries. "What, then, may I ask, can be your imperial highness' motive for dancing?" "Madame," was the exalted personage's curt reply, "I dance to perspire."

Grammatically, hash is an indefinite article; mathematically, an unknown quantity; really, always swallowed with misgivings unless you see it made and know what is in it. Men have been known to march up to the cannon's mouth without flinching; but he who can tackle a plate of the ordinary boarding house hash without the cold chills creeping down his back, deserves to sit on the rim of a cloud with harp, and twang hallelujahs for all time.

It is being stated that "the odor of musk, of which the Empress Josephine was very fond, still clings to her boudoir at Malmaison, though the walls, ceiling and floor have been scraped and cleansed and the apartments fumigated repeatedly." A Vermont farmer says that is nothing remarkable. It has been the same way with his clothes and his barn since he met a polecat there.

John S. Martin & Co., produce dealers of this city, are about to ship to Glasgow three enormous cheeses, each weighing 2,000 pounds, made at Whitesboro, N. Y. The weight of the commercial cheese is 60 pounds. James Lepton, of Glasgow, is the purchaser. The cheeses will be on exhibition in this city before shipment.—[New York Paper.

Blotting paper, which not merely dries but removes a freshly made ink blot, is prepared, according to a German paper, by passing thick blotting paper through a concentrated solution of oxalic acid, and then drying very quickly.

A Georgia Editor on Early Marriages.

Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pastures without any yokes on them. They marry and have children before they do mustaches; they are fathers of twins before they are proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there were a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they have all cut their teeth, we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of laths to build a hen-house. But they see a girl who looks cunning, and they are afraid there is not going to be enough girls to go around, and they begin to get in their work real spry; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation, they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook-stove or bedstead, they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he doesn't run too, and when the doctor gets there there is not enough linen in the house to wrap up a doll-baby.—[Rising Fawn (Ga.) Gazette.

MARRIED OR NOT MARRIED.—Mr. Gough thinks that it is better for a woman to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because she is married. The marriage that takes all the laugh out of a woman, like the sunshine that takes all the sweetness out of the grape, is an exceedingly suspicious commodity, and ought to give the divorce doctors something to do. But the idea of trying to reconcile a woman to an unpaired life because another woman found it uncomfortable, is as absurd as to keep her from eating apples because of Mother Eve's unfortunate pomological experience.

Wolf Trap light-house, on Chesapeake Bay, Matthews county, Va., is infested by a ghost, which drives keepers of the light-house out as quickly as they are engaged. One night recently a daughter of the then keeper was slumped in the face while asleep, and for hours after bore the prints of the ghostly fingers on her cheek. The haunted house has raised a decided sensation in the county.

There is no farmer who, being able to own a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep, can afford not to house them well in the winter. He may let them eat at will from the stack or the best hay that is made, but if they have no more shelter than the stack affords, he may come to the conclusion, common to all bad agricultural practice, that farming does not pay.

At the reception tendered him Friday night in Philadelphia, Governor-elect Pattison paid, in his brief address, a touching tribute to his parents: "Whatever successes I may have been able to achieve in this life," he said, "or whatever positions I have attained or may attain, I owe to the best of fathers and the purest and most noble of mothers."

The person who makes the longest and most fervent prayer is not always the greatest saint. An old hen makes a loud cackle when she lays a little egg. It's not so much on account of the egg's importance as it is the hen's estimation of the accomplishment and a desire to toot her own horn.—[Hackensack Republican.

Ex-Senator Bob Toombs, of Georgia, was on the floor of the United States Senate Saturday for the first time since he left that body in 1861 to join the rebellion. He has been in Washington frequently since then, but could never be induced to enter the Senate Chamber.

A Knoxville, Tenn., inventor announces a contrivance for preventing the lower part of men's shirts from getting too high up. The disposition of the male shirt to work its way up toward the scalp is well known. This Knoxville inventor must be an angel.

We see that General Belknap is back in Washington again. So long as the republican lamp holds out to burn in that city "the vilest sinner" may not only "return," but you can be mighty sure he will.

A Chicago chap advertises for several steady girls to help on pantaloons. And an envious scribe says that a fellow who can't help on his own pantaloons ought to be ashamed to want girls to do it.—[Hot Springs Horse-shoe.

Something for the domestic circle—It isn't always the flower of the family that makes the best bread.

Why is love like putty and paint? Because it covers a multitude of faults.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The following cuts represent the
Collars and Cuffs

—IN OUR—
Furnishing Goods

Department, and along with them we give a few items in general stock:



Clothing,



Hats and Caps,



Gloves and Ties,



Dry Goods,



Boots and Shoes,



Rubber Goods,



Trunks and Valises,



"Bruce's Bound Bosom" Shirts,



Underwear,



Holiday Goods,



—And a Thoroughly Equipped—



Grocery

Department,

Where Every Product of the Country

is bought and sold. In fact,

we do a General Ex-

change Busi-

ness

through our en-

tire line, thus giv-

ing our trade an advantage

Not usually found anywhere else.

—A Large Line of—

Christmas Goods

—Now on Exhibition—

BRUCE, WARREN & CO.

AT THE "TWIN FRONTS."



I desire to call your special attention to the

JEWEL RANGE

which for utility, durability, perfection in operation, taste

In ornamentation and finish is unequalled.

THE FLUES ARE EXTRA LARGE. Adapting the Range to any kind of fuel. The Fire Back is made in three sections. As the center burns out much faster than the ends, this piece can be replaced without the expense of the entire back. Ventilated Chamber behind the fire box, which protects the back from intense heat. The Broiling facilities are superior to any other Stove; tilt the grate and rake the coals on broiling grate, or an independent fire of charcoal built on it, if desired.

Many other conveniences are attached to this Stove, which I ask you to examine before buying. I also refer you to Mrs. Dr. T. B. Montgomery, Mrs. W. F. McKinney, Mrs. W. G. Welch, Mrs. G. H. McKinney, Mrs. S. J. Embry, Mrs. Dr. J. B. Owsley and Mrs. G. A. Lackey as to the advantages the Jewel has over other Stoves. Very respectfully,

W. H. HIGGINS.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT, 1882.

Have just received a very large stock of

CHENAULT, SEVERANCE & CO.

FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,

Hats, Trunks,

Valises, &c., &c.

This is one of the Largest Stocks that we have ever had, and in it will be found many new and desirable goods. We invite the public generally to come and inspect our goods and learn prices before buying elsewhere.

THE BOOKWALTER PORTABLE ENGINE.

SOME 3,000 IN ACTUAL USE.

SAFE AND DURABLE!

In fact, there is no Engine that equals it for Price, Simplicity, Durability and Reliable Work. It is just the Engine to Drive

PRINTING PRESSES

Wood Saws,

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CORN SHELLERS,

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Call at The Interior Journal Office and see one of the desirable Engines in operation. Remember every Engine has our guarantee. Read it:

We say to all purchasers that we guarantee our Bookwalter Engines to be well and substantially made; to be simple, durable and complete in construction; to work well and give the full power claimed when properly attached and managed. We make the above guarantee, and sell on the following conditions: viz: We will give the purchaser the first 30 days after the arrival of the Engine to give it a fair and satisfactory trial; in case the Engine fails to come up to our guarantee, we will take back the Engine, refund every dollar received on the Engine, provided the purchaser returns the Engine to his nearest railroad station, and leaves it subject to our order by the close of said 30 days' trial. Certainly no man could ask for a more liberal offer and contract.

LOOK AT OUR PRICES:

3-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.....\$240 00

4½-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.....280 00

6½-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.....320 00

8½-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.....360 00

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